第 10 講　物語文 5 対策②

ポイント

【1】a ＋固有㊔
【2】消去法＋二択で比較
【3】和訳の採点基準

（本問は，テキスト体裁に合わせ設問を一部改変して掲載しています）

When I was eleven, I took violin lessons once a week from (1)a Miss Katie McIntyre. She had a big sunny fourth-floor studio in a building in the city, which was occupied below by dentists, paper suppliers, and cheap photographers. It was approached by an old-fashioned lift that swayed dangerously as it rose to the fourth floor, which she shared with the only (2a) occupant, Miss E. Sampson, a spiritualist who could communicate with the dead.

I knew about Miss Sampson from gossip I had heard among my mother's friends. The daughter of a well-known doctor, she had gone to Clayfield College and been clever and popular. But then her gift appeared — that is how my mother's friends put it, just declared itself out of the blue without in (2b) way changing her cleverness or good humour.

She came to speak in the voices of the dead: little girls who had been murdered in suburban parks, soldiers killed in one of the wars, lost sons and brothers. Sometimes, if I was early for my lesson, I would find myself riding

up with her. Holding my violin case tightly, I pushed myself hard against the wall of the lift to make room for (3)<u>the presences</u> she might have brought into the lift with her.

NOTE

It was odd to see her name listed so boldly — "E. Sampson, Spiritualist" — in the entrance hall beside the lift, among the dentists, photographers, and my own Miss McIntyre. It seemed appropriate, in those days, that music should be separated from the everyday business that was being carried on below — the whizzing of dentists' drills and the making of passport photos for people going overseas. But I thought of Miss Sampson, for (2c) her sensible shoes and businesslike suits, as a kind of fake doctor, and was sorry that (4)Miss McIntyre and classical music should be associated with Miss Sampson and with the troops of sad-eyed women (they were mostly women) who came all the way to her room and shared the last stages of the lift with us: women whose husbands might have been bank managers — wearing smart hats and gloves and tilting their chins a little in defiance of their having at last reached this point; other women who worked in hospital kitchens or offices, all decently gloved and hatted now, but (5)looking scared of the company they were in and the heights to which the lift brought them. They tried to hang apart, using their elbows in a ladylike way, but using them, and saying politely "Pardon," or "I'm so sorry," when the crush brought them too close.

On such occasions the lift, loaded to capacity, made heavy work of it. And it wasn't, I thought, simply the weight of bodies (eight persons only, a notice warned) that made the old mechanism grind in its shaft, but the weight of all that sorrow, all that hopelessness and last hope, all that dignity in the privacy of grief. We went up slowly.

NOTE

Sometimes, in the way of idle curiosity (if she could have had such a thing), Miss Sampson would let her eyes for a moment rest on me, and I wondered hotly what she might be seeing beyond a small eleven-year-old. Like most boys of that age I had much to conceal. But she appeared to be looking at me, not through me. She would smile, I would respond, and, clearing my throat to find a voice, I would say in a well-brought-up manner that I hoped might fool her and (6)leave me alone with my secrets, “Good afternoon, Miss Sampson.” Her own voice was as unremarkable as an aunt's: “Good afternoon, dear.”

It was therefore (7)all the more alarming, as I sat waiting on one of the chairs just outside Miss McIntyre's studio, while Ben Steinberg, her star pupil, played the Max Bruch, to hear the same voice, oddly changed, coming through the half-open door of Miss Sampson's office. Though much above the breathing of all those women, it had stepped down a tone — no, several — and sounded as if it were coming from another continent. It was an Indian, speaking through her.

It was a being I could no longer think of as the woman in the lift, and I was reminded of something I had once seen from the window of a railway carriage as my train sat steaming on the line: three old men behind the glass of a waiting room and the enclosed space shining with their breathing like a jar full of fireflies. It was entirely real, but the way I saw them changed that reality, making me so impressionably aware that (8)I could recall details I could not possibly have seen that distance or with the naked eye: the greenish-grey of one old man's eyes, and a stain near a shirt collar. Looking

through into Miss Sampson's room was like that. I saw too much. I felt dizzy and began to sweat.

There is no story, no set of events that leads anywhere or proves anything — no middle, no end. Just a glimpse through a half-open door.

（13 東京大 5）

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NOTE

(1)　下線部 (1) にある不定冠詞の a の用法と同じものを次のうちから一つ選び，その記号を記せ。

ア　The car in the driveway looked like <u>a</u> Ford.

イ　All who knew him thought he was <u>an</u> Edison.

ウ　<u>A</u> Johnson came to see you while you were out.

エ　At that museum I saw <u>a</u> Picasso for the first time.

オ　She was <u>an</u> Adams before she married John Smith.

(2) 空所 (2a), (2b), (2c) を埋めるのにも最も適切な単語を次のうちから一つずつ選び，その記号を記せ。

ア　all	イ　another	ウ　any	エ　different	オ　every
カ　no	キ　none	ク　other	ケ　same	コ　some
サ　that	シ　those	ス　what	セ　which	

(3) 下線部 (3) と最も意味が近い，2 語からなる別の表現を文中から抜き出して記せ。

(4) 下線部 (4) の意味に最も近いものを次のうちから一つ選び，その記号を記せ。

ア　Miss McIntyre and classical music should be involved in Miss Sampson's business

イ　Miss McIntyre and classical music should be influenced by someone like Miss Sampson

ウ　Miss McIntyre and classical music should be looked down on even more than Miss Sampson was

エ　Miss McIntyre and classical music should be coupled with someone as unrespectable as Miss Sampson

オ　Miss McIntyre and classical music should be considered to be as unprofessional as Miss Samson

(5) 下線部 (5) の意味に最も近いものを次のうちから一つ選び，その記号を記せ。

ア　seeming frightened of the other women in the lift and of how high the lift was rising

イ　looking fearfully at the other women in the lift, which went up to the fourth floor

ウ　showing their fear of the unfamiliar women in the lift, which brought them to a high floor

エ　looking anxiously at the other passengers in the lift, frightened because the lift seemed to go up forever

オ　apparently feeling frightened of the company which employed them and the heights to which the unsteady lift rose

(6) 下線部 (6) の意味として，最も適切なものを次のうちから一つ選び，その記号を記せ。

ア　hide my feeling of guilt

イ　let me enjoy being alone

ウ　assure her of my good manners

エ　keep her from reading my mind

オ　prevent her from telling others my secrets

(7) 下線部 (7) の表現がここで用いられている理由として，最も適切なものを次のうちから一つ選び，その記号を記せ。

ア　Because Miss Sampson usually spoke in a mild voice.

イ　Because Ben Steinberg heard the same voice oddly changed.

ウ　Because more and more people were afraid of Miss Sampson's voice.

エ　Because the piano in Miss McIntyre's studio sounded as if it were far away.

オ　Because Miss Sampson could be heard more easily than all the other women.

(8) 下線部 (8) を和訳せよ。

NOTE

東京大学英語対策講座　復習テスト　第十回

次の英文の下線部①〜④のうち，間違っているものを一つ答えなさい。

1. 居住者

① conqueror　② occupant　③ candidate　④ administrator

2. 郊外の

① suburban　② subordinate　③ urban　④ subliminal

3. 大胆に

① simultaneously　② obviously　③ boldly　④ spontaneously

4. きちんとした

① arrogant　② decent　③ modest　④ dizzy

5. 積む

① load　② road　③ loan　④ broad

6. 仕組み

① protocol　② prospect　③ mechanism　④ stain

7. 威厳

① dignity　② ditch　③ deem　④ doom

8. 深い悲しみ

① greed　② gulf　③ grief　④ grind

9. 隠す

① reveal　② conceal　③ disclose　④ cohere

10. チラッと見ること

① contemplation　② stare　③ glimpse　④ gaze

NOTE

東京大学英語対策講座　第 10 講　解答

< 解答 >

(1) ウ

(2) (2a) ク　(2b) ウ　(2c) ア

(3) the dead

(4) エ　(5) ア　(6) エ　(7) ア

(8) 全訳の下線部を参照。

< 全訳 >

私は 11 歳の頃，ケイティ・マッキンタイアさんという女性から一週間に一度バイオリンのレッスンを受けていた。彼女は街中のとあるビルの 4 階に，日差しの入り込む大きなスタジオを所有しており，そのビルは階下に，歯医者，紙の卸業者，安い写真屋などが入っていた。そこに行くには，4 階までに上がると，危険なほど揺れる旧式のエレベーターが使われていた。その階を，彼女はサンプソンさんというたった一人の他の居住者と共有していた。サンプソンさんは，死者と意思疎通できる霊媒師であった。

私は，サンプソンさんについては，母の友人の間で耳にした噂話で知っていた。有名な医師の娘で，クレイフィールド大学に進み，賢く人気があったのだと。しかし，その後彼女の才能が現れ ― これが母の友人の言い方だったが ― 賢さや素晴らしいユーモアはまったく変えずに，突然その才能があらわになったのだ。

彼女は死者の声で話をするようになった。死者とはすなわち，郊外の公園で殺された少女たちや，とある戦争で亡くなった兵士たちや，行方不明になった息子や兄弟たちのことだ。ときどき，レッスンに早く着いた場合に，彼女と一緒のエレベーターに乗ることがあった。私はバイオリンケースをしっかりと抱え，エレベーターの壁に体を強く押し付け，彼女がエレベーターの中へと連れてきたかもしれない霊のためにスペースを空けた。

彼女の名前が，エレベーター脇の玄関ホールで歯医者や写真家，それから私のマッキンタイア先生に混じって，とても大胆に「E. サンプソン，霊媒師」と載っているのを見るのは奇妙なものであった。その当時は妥当だと思えたのは，音楽というものは階下で行われている日常の仕事，たとえば歯医者のドリルを回転させることや，海外渡航者のためのパスポートの写真を撮るといったこととは分けられるべきである，ということだった。しかし，サンプソンさんの実用的な靴やビジネス向きのスーツにもかかわらず，私は彼女のことを一種のにせ医者とみなしていて，マッキンタイヤ先

生とクラシック音楽が，サンプソンさんやはるばる彼女の部屋を訪れて私たちとエレベーターの最上階を共有していた悲しい目をした女性たち（たいてい女性だった）と結び付けられるのを残念に思っていた。夫が銀行経営者だったかもしれない女性たちは，とうとうこんな所まで行き着いたにもかかわらず，洗練された帽子や手袋を身に付けて，小さく顎を傾けていた。他にも，病院のキッチンやオフィスで働いていた女性たちは，みなきちんと手袋や帽子を着こなしてはいたが，一緒にいた集団やエレベーターが運んでいく高さを怖がっているように見えた。彼女たちは，女性らしいしぐさで肘を使ってエレベーターで距離をとろうとしていたが，混み合って互いに近寄りすぎると，肘を使いながらも，礼儀正しく「失礼」とか「すみません」と言った。

そのような場合は，エレベーターは定員まで乗っており，動くのが大変そうであった。そして，私が思うに，古い装置がシャフトの部分でギシギシするのは，単に体重（8人乗りと注意書きがあった）のせいだけではなく，そうしたあらゆる悲しみ，あらゆる絶望や最後の望み，深い悲しみに隠されたあらゆる尊厳の重みのせいであった。私たちはゆっくり上がっていった。

ときどき，単なる好奇心（彼女がそのようなものを持っていたならであるが）といった様子で，サンプソンさんは視線を一瞬私に向けた。彼女が小さな 11 歳の向こうに何を見ていたのか，私は激しく疑問に思った。その年齢のほとんどの少年たちと同様に，私にも隠しごとがたくさんあった。しかし，彼女は私を見ていたものの，私の中を見通しているようではなかった。彼女が微笑み，私はそれに応え，声をしっかり出そうと咳払いした。彼女をあざむいて，自分の秘密をそっとしておいてくれそうな育ちのよさそうな言い方で，「こんにちは，サンプソンさん」と言ったものだった。彼女自身の声は，叔母のものと同じで特徴がなかった。「あら，こんにちは」と。

だから，それだけいっそう驚きだったのは，ベン・スタインバーグという彼女の一番の教え子がマックス・ブルッフの曲を演奏しているとき，私がマッキンタイヤ先生のスタジオの外にある椅子の一つに腰かけて待っていると，同じ声が奇妙に変わって，サンプソンさんのオフィスの半分開いたドアからもれていたことだ。そのすべての女性の呼吸をずっと超えて，その声は 1 トーンどころか数トーン下がり，まるで別の大陸から聞こえてくるかのようだった。それはインド人が，彼女を通して話していたのだった。

それは，もはやエレベーターにいた女性とは思えない存在で，かつて線路で電車が蒸気を出して停まっていたときに列車の客室の窓から見たものを思い出させた。待合室のガラスの向こうにいた三人の高齢の男性と，ホタルでいっぱいになったビンのように，彼らの吐く息で輝いている閉じられた空間。それはまったくの現実だったが，私の見方によってその現実は変化し，(8) さもなければその距離や肉眼ではとうてい見

えなかったかもしれない細部を，自分は思い出すことができるのだと，いとも簡単に意識させたのだ。一人の高齢者の緑がかった灰色の目，それからシャツの襟付近の染み。サンプソンさん部屋を覗くのは，そのようなものであった。あまりに多くのものが見えた。私は眩暈を感じ，汗をかきはじめた。

　物語もなく，どこかへ導いたり，何かを証明したりする一連の出来事もなく，中間もなく，終わりもない。半分開いたドアから，ちらっと見えたもの。

第 10 講　重要語彙リスト

1	sway	揺れる
2	occupant	居住者
3	gift	天賦の才能
4	out of the blue	突然
5	murder	殺害する
6	suburban	郊外の
7	make room	スペースを作る
8	presence	存在，霊
9	odd	奇妙な
10	boldly	大胆に
11	appropriate	適切な，妥当な
12	for all	～にもかかわらず
13	troop	（人の）一団，軍隊
14	tilt	傾ける
15	chin	あご
16	decently	きちんとして
17	occasion	場合
18	load	荷を積む
19	capacity	容量，限界容量，定員
20	dignity	威厳
21	grief	深い悲しみ
22	in the privacy of	～に隠れて
23	conceal	隠す
24	clear one's throat	咳払いをする
25	recall	思い出す
26	stain	染み
27	dizzy	眩暈がする
28	glimpse	チラッと見ること

第 10 講　音読用白文　①　②　③　④　⑤　⑥　⑦　⑧　⑨　⑩

When I was eleven, I took violin lessons once a week from a Miss Katie McIntyre. She had a big sunny fourth-floor studio in a building in the city, which was occupied below by dentists, paper suppliers, and cheap photographers. It was approached by an old-fashioned lift that swayed dangerously as it rose to the fourth floor, which she shared with the only other occupant, Miss E. Sampson, a spiritualist who could communicate with the dead.

I knew about Miss Sampson from gossip I had heard among my mother's friends. The daughter of a well-known doctor, she had gone to Clayfield College and been clever and popular. But then her gift appeared — that is how my mother' s friends put it, just declared itself out of the blue without in any way changing her cleverness or good humour.

She came to speak in the voices of the dead: little girls who had been murdered in suburban parks, soldiers killed in one of the wars, lost sons and brothers. Sometimes, if I was early for my lesson, I would find myself riding up with her. Holding my violin case tightly, I pushed myself hard against the wall of the lift to make room for the presences she might have brought into the lift with her.

It was odd to see her name listed so boldly — "E. Sampson, Spiritualist" — in the entrance hall beside the lift, among the dentists, photographers, and my own Miss McIntyre. It seemed appropriate, in those days, that music should be separated from the everyday business that was being carried on below — the whizzing of dentists' drills and the making of passport photos for people going overseas. But I thought of Miss Sampson, for all her sensible shoes and businesslike suits, as a kind of fake doctor, and was sorry that Miss McIntyre and classical music should be associated with Miss Sampson and with the troops of sad-eyed women (they were mostly women) who came all the way to her room and shared the last stages of the lift with us: women whose husbands might have been bank managers — wearing smart hats and gloves and tilting their chins a little in defiance of their having at last reached this point; other women who worked in hospital kitchens or offices, all decently gloved and hatted now, but looking scared of the company they were

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It was a being I could no longer think of as the woman in the lift, and I was reminded of something I had once seen from the window of a railway carriage as my train sat steaming on the line: three old men behind the glass of a waiting room and the enclosed space shining with their breathing like a jar full of fireflies. It was entirely real, but the way I saw them changed that reality, making me so impressionably aware that I could recall details I could not possibly have seen that distance or with the naked eye: the greenish-grey of one old man's eyes, and a stain near a shirt collar. Looking through into Miss Sampson's room was like that. I saw too much. I felt dizzy and began to sweat.

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東京大学英語対策講座　復習テスト　解答

< 第十回 >

1. ②	2. ①	3. ③	4. ②	5. ①
6. ③	7. ①	8. ③	9. ②	10. ③